

One year, in advance \$3.00
If not paid within six months, \$2.25
If not paid till expiration of the year, \$2.00
Advertisers will be charged at our
usual rates.

Business Directory.

JUDICIAL OFFICERS.

W. M. BURNETT, Common Pleas Judge.
T. C. BURNETT, Probate Judge.
E. W. BURNETT, C. C. Judge.
A. L. CURTIS, Prosecuting Attorney.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

W. M. BURNETT, Auditor.
W. M. BURNETT, Treasurer.
W. M. BURNETT, Sheriff.
W. M. BURNETT, Recorder.
W. M. BURNETT, Coroner.
W. M. BURNETT, Constable.
W. M. BURNETT, Justice of the Peace.
W. M. BURNETT, School Director.

SCHOOL EXAMINERS.

W. M. BURNETT, Ashland.
W. M. BURNETT, Ashland.
W. M. BURNETT, Ashland.

BANKERS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

W. M. BURNETT, President.
W. M. BURNETT, Cashier.
W. M. BURNETT, Directors.

CITIZENS BANK.

W. M. BURNETT, President.
W. M. BURNETT, Cashier.
W. M. BURNETT, Directors.

HOTELS.

MILLER HOUSE.

W. M. BURNETT, Proprietor.
W. M. BURNETT, Ashland, Ohio.

MULLER HOUSE.

W. M. BURNETT, Proprietor.
W. M. BURNETT, Ashland, Ohio.

LAWYERS.

H. M. CAMPBELL.

Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio. Will
attend to all legal business entrusted
to him. Bankrupt cases in U. S.
Court will receive special attention.

JOHN J. JACOBS.

Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio. All
kinds of business belonging to the profession
promptly attended to. Office, opposite
First National Bank, up stairs.

JOHN D. JONES.

Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio. Particular
attention paid to collecting and business in
probate court. Office on church street, be-
tween Main and Sandusky.

McCORMICK & CURTIS.

Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Ashland,
Ohio. Office in Bank building, over Beer's
hardware store.

H. S. SEE.

Attorney at Law, Fire and Life Insurance
Agent, and Notary Public. Particular at-
tention paid to collecting Probate business.
Particular cases and execution of deeds,
mortgages and contracts. Office in Miller
block, second story, Main street, Ashland,
Ohio.

WM. M. BEER.

Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio. Office
in Post office building.

T. J. KENNY.

Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio. Office in
Post office building.

PHYSICIANS.

GEORGE W. HILL, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio.
Particular attention paid to the treatment of
the following special diseases: Dyspepsia,
disease of the liver, the Kid-
neys and Scrofula.

J. P. COWAN, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio. Office
in Post office building.

Drs. COWAN & HUNTER.

Having formed a partnership for the
practice of medicine will give particular at-
tention to surgery and the treatment of
chronic diseases. Office in Citizens Bank
opposite town hall where we can be
consulted on Wednesday and Saturday
of each week.

O. C. MCCARTY, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio. Will
pay special attention to the treatment of
chronic diseases, on Saturday of each
week, at his office.

A. E. FOLTZ, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio. Will
pay special attention to the treatment of
chronic diseases, on Saturday of each
week, at his office.

MEAT MARKETS.

G & J SAAL.

Butchers and dealers in fresh Beef, Pork,
Veal and Mutton. Meat market, South
side Main st., three doors west of the
McNulty House.

JOHN MILLER.

Butcher and dealer in Fresh Meat of all
kinds, Dried Beef, and Bologna. Meat
market, opposite the Town Hall.

CARRIAGES.

D. S. SAMPSEL & CO.

Proprietors of the Leach Carriage Works.
Orange street, near Railway depot. The
largest stock of Carriages, Buggies and
wagons in this part of Ohio.

H. J. TRAVEL & CO.

Proprietors of the Ashland Carriage Fac-
tory, of and Ames & Leach, Sandusky
street. A very large stock of the best made
work in the country, consisting of Car-
riages and wagons.

THE STATES AND UNION.

VOL. XXIII

ASHLAND, OHIO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 14 1868.

NO. 14

"THE UNION, IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED."

Church Directory.

Religious services are regularly held in
the following Churches in this place every
Sabbath morning and evening.
Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of
4th and Church streets. Rev. W. H. See,
Pastor. Prayer meeting every Thurs-
day evening.
Presbyterian Church, corner of 3d and
Church streets. Rev. John Robinson,
Pastor. Prayer meeting every Wednes-
day evening.
Lutheran Church, between Church and
Orange streets. Rev. J. W. Swift, Pastor.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.
Second Christian Church, South Ash-
land Chapel. Rev. S. E. Foster, Pastor.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.
United Brethren Church, South Ash-
land Chapel. Rev. Daniel Zimmer-
man, Pastor. Prayer meeting every Wed-
nesday evening.
German Reformed Church, Sandusky st.
Service regularly every 2nd and 4th Sun-
day of each month. Rev. Daniel Zim-
merman, Pastor. German Sunday School
every Sunday morning.
Catholic Church, Cottage street, Rev.
F. J. Kuhn, Pastor. Masses at 8 o'clock
3d Sunday in each month, at half past
nine o'clock A. M.

Hardware.

S. W. & T. M. BEER,
Dealers in Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass,
Cutlery, Paints, Oils, Carpenters' Tools,
Sash and Doors, Store one door East of
1st Nat. Bank.

SAMPSEL & CO.

Dealers in Hardware, Cutlery, Paints, Oils,
Carpenters' Tools, Sash, Doors, Carpen-
ters' Tools, Saddlery, Iron, Nails, &c., &c.
Store one door East of the McNulty House.

Masonic.

Stated meetings of Ashland Lodge No. 151
F. & A. M., held at Lodge rooms in Mil-
ler's Block on Fridays, preceding the full
moon of each month.
J. M. STEVENS, W. M.

Clothing.

Z. GREENEWALD,
Opposite Orange street. Wholesale and
Retail dealer in Clothing, Gen's Furnish-
ing Goods, &c.

JACOB CAHN.

Dealer in ready made Clothing, Cloths,
Casimires, Valises, Umbrellas, Gen's
Furnish'g Goods, and manufacturer of
Men's Clothing. Store in Miller House
Block.

Photographers.

J. H. MCCORMICK,
Photographer, one door West of the Town
Hall, takes as fine photographs as can be
had outside of the city. All work known
to be the art given in the best style and
warranted to please.

J. H. KELL.

Photographer, All kinds of work done
from a card to life size. Particular at-
tention paid to enlarging Art. Oil portraits
and photographs. Rooms two doors East of
1st National Bank.

Cabinet Ware.

H. M. HICKOK AGENT,
Manufacturers and Dealers in Furniture
of all kinds. Etc. and Re-wooded mouldings,
Metallic Cases and Caskets. Coffins and
Hearse always ready. Shop on 3d street
Warehouse in Bushnell's Block, second
story.

C. F. & C. EPLER.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in Cabinet
Furniture and Chairs. A first class stock
of all kinds of a choice variety of Jew-
elry, second story, Main street, Ashland,
Ohio.

DRUGGISTS.

W. FOLTER, M. D., J. H. BARRON,
FOLZ & BARRON,
Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils,
Fruit, and a choice variety of Jew-
elry, Perfumery, Druggists' Fancy Goods,
Books, Stationery & Wall Paper. Main
Street, Ashland, Ohio.

J. R. SQUIRE.

Wholesale and Retail Druggist and Apoth-
ecary. Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Pa-
tents, and manufacturer of Squire's cele-
brated Flavoring Extracts, and Medicines
Gin. Store on Main st.

PANCOAST & SON.

Druggists and Dealers in Perfumery, No-
tary Public, Paper, &c., Main street, Ash-
land, Ohio.

CHARLES KNOTH.

Lunch, Hot Coffee, Choice Meats, Oysters,
Ice, Cakes, and a choice variety of Jew-
elry. Sells no intoxicating drinks. Es-
tablished on South side of Main street. West
of McNulty House.

JACOB WEISENSTEIN.

Saloon, Lu. ch. Pies, Cakes, Crackers,
(Cheese, Native Wines, Ale, a choice
stock of Family Groceries. Cheap Store
and Lunch room North side of Main st.
East of Bushnell's Block.

FREDERICK BOCKLEY.

Saloon, and Dealer in Family Groceries and
choice variety of Liquors. Fresh stock of
cheap Store North side of Main street.

Miscellaneous.

BALSTON & VANTILB RG,
Jewellers and Silversmiths, three doors
west of Miller House, Ashland. Gold and
Silver kept constantly on hand. Highest
price paid for old gold and silver. Repair-
ing done to order and on reasonable terms.

FRAZEE & REBMAN.

Dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Crockery
Glassware, Wood and Willow ware, Salt
Figs, Butter, and a large and choice stock
of generally Old Store Corner, cor-
ner of Main & Church st.

PILE & KNOTH.

Dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Crockery
Glassware, Wood and Willow ware, Salt
Figs, Butter, and a large and choice stock
of generally Old Store Corner, cor-
ner of Main & Church st.

GEORGE LOGAN.

Fashionable Barber and Hair Dresser, has
opened a new shop in the building one
door West of the Citizens Bank, where he
will be pleased to see all who desire his
services.

CHARLES & STULL.

Dealers in and Manufacturers of Boots,
Shoes, Leather Findings, Buffalo Robes
&c. A good stock always on hand. Store
north side main street, east of Bushnell's
Block.

DAVID BRYTE.

Cooper, near Rector's Mill, South Ash-
land.

N. RECTOR & SON.

Proprietors of the Ashland Mills, manufac-
turers of Choice Family Flour and Feed
stuff. The best place in Ashland to sell
your grain. Mills on Centre street.

M. H. MANSFIELD.

Sole manufacturer of Mansfield's ex-
traordinary Clover Hullers and Thrashers, the best
in the world. They thresh, hull and clean
from 15 to 75 bushels per day. Factory be-
hind Dempsey's.

S. W. BLACK.

Baker and Confectioner. Dealer in choice
family Groceries, Provisions, Fruits,
Notions, &c., Bread, Crackers, Fancy and
Ornamental Cakes and Candies, at whole-
sale and retail. Main st., Ashland, O.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

We publish the following very ex-
cellent piece of poetry, for the be-
nefit of those of our readers who have
passed the meridian of life. It will
call up many a pleasant, and perhaps,
many sad memory. We all turn to
our school days, and their associations
as the pleasantest of our life. Their
sports and lively contests, remain
fresh in our recollections when all
else is forgotten:

I've wandered to the village town, I've
sat beneath the tree,
Up to the school house playing Tom,
which sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom;
and few were left to know,
That I played with you upon the grass,
some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bare-
footed boys at play,
Were sporting just as we did then,
with spirits just as gay;
But "the master" sleeps upon the
hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Agood as a sliding place with you,
some twenty years ago.

The old school house is altered some;
the benches are replaced,
By new ones, very like the same old
pen-knives had defaced,
But the same old bricks are in the
wall; the bell swings to and fro,
Its music just the same dear Tom 'twas
twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game,
beneath that same old tree,
I do forget the name, just now, you've
played the game with me.
On that same spot, 'twas played with
knives by throwing so, and so—
The leader had a task to do—there,
twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still, the
willows on its side,
Are larger than they were, Tom, the
stream appears less wide—
But the grape vine is ruined now,
where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—"pretty
girls," just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled nigh the
hill, close by the spreading beach,
Is very low—"twice once so high that
we could almost reach—
And kneeling down to get a drink,
dear Tom, I started so,
To see how much the elm changed,
since twenty years ago.

Near the spring, upon an elm, you
know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it,
Some heedless wretch had peeled the
bark, 'twas dying sure you saw,
Just as the one whose name you cut,
died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but
tears came in my eyes,
I thought of her I loved so well,
those early broken ties—
I visited the old church yard, and
took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
some twenty years ago.

Some are in the church yard laid, some
sleep beneath the sea,
But few are left of our old class, ex-
cepting you and me—
And when our time shall come, dear
Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played
just twenty years ago.

I live in San Francisco, and am a
locksmith by trade. My calling is a
strange one, and possesses a certain
fascination, rendering it one of the
most agreeable pursuits. Many who
follow it see nothing in it but labor,
think of nothing but its return in gold
and silver. To me it has other charms
than the money it produces. I am
called upon almost daily to open doors
and peer into long neglected apart-
ments; to spring the stubborn locks
and safes, and great upon the treasures
piled within; to quietly enter the
apartments of ladies with more beauty
than discretion, and pick the locks of
drawers containing peace destroying
missives, that the dangerous enemy
of wandering affections may not reach
the eye of a husband or a father pos-
sessed the mystic key; to force the
fastenings of cash boxes and deposit-
aries of records, telling of men sud-
denly rich, of corporations plundered,
of orphans robbed, of hopes crushed,
of families ruined. Is there no charm
in this?—no food for speculation?—no
scope for the range of pleasant fancy?
Then who would not be a locksmith,
though his face is begrimed with the

soot of the forge, and his hands are
stained with rust?

But I have a story to tell—no, not
exactly a story, for that implies the
completion as well as the beginning of
a narrative—and mine is scarcely more
than the introduction to a tale. Let him
who deals in fancy write the rest.

In the spring of 1856—I think it
was in April—I opened a little shop
on Kearney street, and soon worked
myself into a fair business.

One evening, a lady, closely
veiled, entered my shop, and pulling
down beneath her cloak a small japane-
se box, requested me to open it. The
lock was curiously constructed, and I
was all of an hour fitting it with a key.

The lady seemed nervous at the delay,
and at length requested me to close the
door. I was a little surprised at the
suggestion, but of course complied.

Shutting the door and returning to my
work, the lady withdrew her veil, dis-
closing as sweet a face as well can be
imagined. There was a resemblance in
the eyes to a pair of the cheek, for
ever, which I could not but have been
ill at ease, and in a moment every ap-
proach for her had given place to that of
pity.

"Perhaps you are not well, madam,
and the night air is too chilly?" said
I, rather inquisitively. I felt a rebuke
in her reply.

"In requesting you to close the door
I had no other object than to escape the
attention of persons passing."

I did not reply, but thoughtfully
continued my work. She resumed:

"This little box contains valuable pa-
pers—private papers—and I have lost
the key, or it has been stolen.—I
should not wish to have you remember
that I ever came here on such an er-
rand," she said, with some hesitation,
and giving me a look which was no
different matter to understand.

"Certainly, madam, if you desire it,
I'll not forget your face. I will at
least attempt to lose the recollection of
ever seeing it here."

The lady bowed rather coldly at what
I considered a fine compliment, and I
proceeded with my work satisfied that
I was awakened by a gentle tap on the
door, and that I had nothing to do with the visit.

Having succeeded, after much fling
and fitting in turning the lock, I was
seized with curiosity to get a glimpse
at the precious contents of the box,
and suddenly raising the lid discovered
a bundle of letters and a dagger-pointing
photograph of a man.

She seized it hurriedly, and plac-
ing the letters and picture in her
ocket, locked the box, and drawing
the veil over her face, pointed to the
door.—"I opened it," she said, as she
passed, "and I have lost the key."

"Remember!" We met again, and I
have been thus particular in describ-
ing her visit to the shop to render
probable a subsequent recognition.

About two o'clock in the morning,
in the latter part of the May following,
I was awakened by a gentle tap on the
window of the little room back of the
shop where I lodged. Thinking of
burglars, I sprang out of bed, and in a
moment was at the window, with a
heavy hammer in my hand, which I
usually kept at that time within con-
venient distance of my bedside.

"Who's there?" I inquired, raising
the hammer, and peering into the
darkness.

"Hist!" exclaimed a figure stepping
in front of the window, "open the
door, I have business for you."

"Rather past business hours, I
should say; but who are you?"

"No one that can be of any use to
you," returned the voice, which I imagined was
rather feminine for a burglar's.

"Nor no one that can," I replied
rather emphatically, by way of a warn-
ing, as I lightened my grip on the
hammer, and proceeding to the door I
pushed back the bolt, and slowly open-
ed the door, discovered the stranger al-
ready upon the stairs.

"What do you want?" I abruptly
inquired.

"I will tell you," answered the same
voice, "if you dare open the door
wide enough for me to enter."

"Come in," said I resolutely, throw-
ing the door ajar, and proceeding to
light a candle.

Having succeeded, I turned to ex-
amine the visitor. He was a small and
slenderly dressed gentleman, whose
ragged around his shoulder, and a blue
nap cap drawn suspiciously over his
eyes. As I advanced toward him, he
seemed to hesitate a moment, then
raised the cap from his forehead and
looked me earnestly in the face. I did
not stop the cap, but I was startled
by a look of nervousness as I hurriedly
placed the light on a table and silently
proceeded to invest myself with two or
three necessary articles of clothing? My
visitor was a lady, and the same for
whom I had opened the little box
a month before. Having completed
my hasty toilet, I attempted to stam-
mer an apology for my rudeness, but
utterly failed. The fact is, I was con-
founded. Smiling at my discomfiture,
she said:

"Disgrace is useless; I presume you
recognize me."

"Will not five hundred dollars an-
swer in lieu of an exhibition?"

She patted her foot approvingly on the
floor. I could see she had placed an
extremely low estimate on my hon-
esty, and I felt some gratification in
being able to convince her of the fact.

"Well, then, if it is absolutely nec-
essary for me to explain," she replied,
"I must tell you that you are required
to pick the lock of a vault, and—"

"You have gone quite far enough
with the explanation," I interrupted,
"I am not at your service."

"You had better wait until I finish,
before you decline the work," she said,
rather testily.

"To whom does this vault belong?"
I inquired.

"My husband," was the somewhat
reluctant reply, "and it is to release a
man that I require your assist-
ance."

"Then why so much secrecy, or rather
how came a man confined in such a
place?"

"I secreted him there to escape the
observation of my husband. He sus-
pects as much and closed the door up-
on him, presuming he had left the
vault and returned to his room."

"I did not dream until to-day
that he was confined there. Certain
suspicious acts of my husband this af-
ternoon convince me that the man is
there, beyond human hearing, and will
be starved to death by my barbarous
husband unless immediately released."

For three days he has not left the
house. I dragged him less than an
hour ago, and he is now so stupefied
that the lock may be picked without
his interference. I have searched his
pockets, but could not find the key;

"Certainly, madam, if you desire it,
I'll not forget your face. I will at
least attempt to lose the recollection of
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